

Fowl Feathered Review



~ No. 157 ~

FOWL
FEATHERED
REVIEW
AEROSTATIC DOSSIER // Δ-77.31(B) / KNOCK
INDEX ∴ 4:13:4∞
Drifted as Utility Residue, Declared Sufficient
About the Asked (Collected Under Practice Conditions)

The FFR is no longer to be understood as a journal, nor as any prior category such as "Necrosign." It is instead a distributed production practice: a gathering-method for the generation, capture, and long-duration storage of emergent artifacts arising between human habit and mechanical repetition.

For ease of handling, we describe it as a shared frequency—commonly misidentified as the idle-pattern of a small automobile (late 20th-century compact class) standing in a parking lot at approximately 03:00—but this is merely the audible index-layer.

In its working state, the Assemblage conducts continuous retrieval from verifiable material domains: instruction sheets, retail surfaces, transit markings, service logs, and other document-objects of daily use. These are not preserved intact. They are subjected to pressure, displacement, and reclassification.

We do not curate in the modern sense. We maintain instead an Offenrückraum (open-back space), in which items may enter, settle, or misfile themselves.

Participants (hereafter: "important locals") are those who exhibit Dauerträchtigkeit—a useful persistence under minor strain. Fragility is not prohibited, but it is structurally unsupported.

Any submission that appears to strive toward "Art" in the self-declarative sense will be reassigned to a more stable function (e.g., table-leveling, draft-blocking, oil-absorption).
On the Operation of Source-Engines (Always in Partial Motion)

WARENREGISTERBRUCH (ARCADE INDEX CONDITION)

Fragments are extracted from catalogs, labels, packaging, and signage. Context is removed. Adjacency is reassigned. Authority increases in proportion to specificity, regardless of accuracy.

PROTOKOLLHäUFIGUNG (DOSSIER STACK CONDITION)

Records accumulate: maintenance notes, claims, timestamps. Gaps are preserved. Contradictions are not resolved. A sequence may appear, but closure is considered a filing error.

RANDBEMERKUNGSDRIFT (FALSE COMMENTATOR CONDITION)

Functional texts (manuals, glossaries, guides) are annotated beyond their tolerance. Explanations become misaligned. Confidence is retained.

ANWEISUNGSSCHNITT (CUT-UP RECORDER CONDITION)

Instruction-language is segmented and recombined. Repetition introduces rhythm. Meaning is reduced until only procedure-residue remains.

All outputs must retain Rückverfolgbarkeit (trace-feel): the impression that the fragment could be located again in some drawer, binder, or glove compartment.

Where this condition fails, the material is considered decorative and is removed.

A recurring sonic marker—transcribed provisionally as "dor"—is permitted to enter any layer. Its function remains under study.

ON REPURPOSING (IMPORTANT CLARIFICATION)

All submitted materials enter a Weiterverwendungskreis (cycle of further use). Possible outcomes include:

Inclusion as fragment within a larger construct

Mislabeling and redistribution

Use as structural support (physical or textual)

Reduction to residue for future recombination

Authors retain attribution only in the lowest archival sense. Function supersedes origin.

The current operational formula is recorded as:

$$[(DOR \times 7)^2 + 11B] \div \Sigma(\text{Loose Matter})$$

$$= 0.004 \text{ Useful Units}$$

Verification remains impossible due to kettle interference and unresolved parking-lot acoustics.

Delivery

Materials may be delivered, transmitted, or misplaced.

Retrieval is opportunistic. Loss is considered a form of delayed submission.

LISTEN – OBSERVE

MISFILE – REPEAT

BE USEFUL

STAY LOOSE

NO LIMITS

NO END

THE STAFF (SINK-CUSTODIANS / FUNCTION-BEARERS)

Virgil Kay: Final Arbiter. Currently engaged in the classification of falling bakery items under aerodynamic variance. Maintains decision authority, though criteria are mobile.

Silent Bill: Overseer of Tactical Non-Sequiturs. Executes Satzabbruchhandlung (sentence-break action) by leaving mid-utterance. This is considered a valid editorial intervention.

Unkie Bob: Assigned to Casual Entropy. No longer dismantles structures directly; instead applies insufficient fastening (Lockerbefestigung), allowing failure to emerge without announcement.

The Unnamed Dishwasher: Not recorded in official listings. Present regardless. Performs continuous surface-

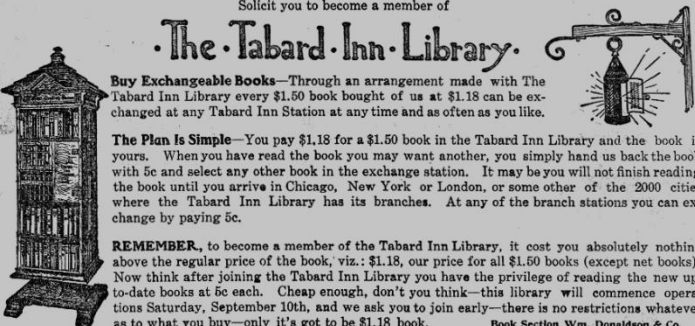
restoration under high focus. Functions as Kerntriebwerk
(core engine). Prolonged observation is discouraged.

"NON IGNARA MALI, MISERIS SUCCERRERE
DISCO."
— VIRGIL

William Donaldson & Company

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The Tabard Inn Library.



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Book Section Wm. Donaldson & Co.

Little Free Library
54 Elm Street
Bangor, ME 04401





Fowl Feathered Review

TREASURY CYCLE • BANGOR CONTINUUM OFFICE • ISSUE 00

REGISTRY OF MORTALITY & MOBILITY

Eternal Ledger / Nothing Occurs Once

CITY OF BANGOR
TREASURY OFFICE

ALL TIMES • ALL VERSIONS
ALL STREETS • ALL LAYERS

DOCKET NO.
1911.1964.2026.



BANGOR, MAINE
All Eras Simultaneous



COMPILED SIMULTANEOUSLY BY THREE CLERKS OF TIME & CITY



VINCENT

OF BEAUVAIS

TEMPORAL INDEX CLERK
OF BANGOR



Author of the *Mirror
of the World* (and
Municipal Supplements)



JACOBUS
DE VORAGINE

RETYLER OF LIVING
SAINTS & ONGOING EVENTS



Compiler of the Golden
Legend (and Sidewalk
Hagiographies)



RASHID AL-DIN
HAMADANI

NONLINEAR CENSUS
AUTHORITY OF BANGOR



Historian of Worlds
(and Their Overlapping
Municipalities)

ALL ENTRIES CO-SIGNED UNDER THE DOCTRINE: **NOTHING HERE OCCURS ONCE**



ON THE STATUS OF THE SUBJECT

(WHO IS ALSO ALREADY FILED ELSEWHERE)

The subject enters City Hall, but also does not enter City Hall.

In one register, they are present.

In another, they are still approaching.

In a third, they have already left and are being
reviewed for motion compliance.

They declare:

"Temporary in essence, ambulatory in function."

VINCENT:

All functions are
temporary. Essence
is an indexing error.

JACOBUS:

The walker is
always canonized
mid-step.

RASHID:

This person exists
in at least three
municipal centuries
simultaneously.



ENTITIES THAT OCCUR OUTSIDE TIME
BUT INSIDE RECORD



PAUL BUNYAN

(SCALE ANOMALY WITNESS
ACROSS MUNICIPAL LAYERS)

Appears in doorway, simultaneously
too large for building and perfectly
scaled for it.



KENDUSKEAG SASQUATCH
(HYDROLOGICAL CONTINUITY
OBSERVER)

Waits without waiting; is always
already leaving. Witnesses every
flood at once.



THE CREAMSICLE FREEZER
OF OUTER BANGOR LOT
(PERPETUAL COLD OBJECT)

Contains identical creamsicles
in every recorded year.
Temperature does not change;
only interpretation does.



REGISTRY OF MORTALITY

(MORTALITY AS DISTRIBUTED FILE)

Mortality is not recorded as an event.

It is filed as a recurring document with multiple timestamps.

— the subject is dead in 1914 (Opera House fire record layer)

— alive in 1964 (Urban Renewal testimony layer)

— unverified but walking in 2026 (current pedestrian index layer)

— and absent in a version of Bangor that has already
been replaced by parking infrastructure

JACOBUS:

Sainthood is what
happens when death
forgets which version
it belongs to.

VINCENT:

Death is not an
endpoint; it is a
cross-reference.

RASHID:

Mortality is a
disagreement
between archives.



REGISTRY OF MOBILITY

(MOTION AS NON-LINEAR PERMISSION)

The footwear apparatus is inspected across multiple timelines:

— in one: it is shoes

— in another: it is wheels

— in another: it is evidence of municipal optimism

— in another: it has never been assembled
but is still approved

When activated, it produces motion that does not relocate
the subject so much as updates their position in different
versions of the same street.

VINCENT:

Movement is
editorial revision
applied to space.

JACOBUS:

The street blesses
those who pass
through its
alternate drafts.

RASHID:

Travel is what
happens when
cities disagree
with themselves.



THE CITY HALL AS SAVED TIME OBJECT

The Treasury Office is observed as:

• a room that exists in 1911 (fire memory layer)

• 1964 (planning abstraction layer)

• 1997 (restoration impulse layer)

• 2026 (current fluorescent administrative layer)

• and an unbuilt future where it is a parking lot

remembering itself as a building

Walls contain:

• scroll fragments that have not yet been written

• newspaper clippings reporting future loss

• maps that disagree politely with each other

stamps that remember being used differently

A CHANT MOVES

THROUGH ALL LAYERS

AT ONCE:

ALL PERMITS

ARE CONTINUOUS

ALL STREETS

ARE SIMULTANEOUS

ALL WALKING

IS REVISITING



VI

FOOTNOTES (WHICH OCCUR BEFORE AND AFTER THE TEXT)

[1] VINCENT OF BEAUVAIS:

"The archive is not storage;
it is simultaneity with
filing cabinets."



[2] JACOBUS DE VORAGINE:

"Legends are what happens
when the present refuses
to stay in its assigned tense."



[3] RASHID AL-DIN HAMADANI:

"Bangor cannot be dated.
It can only be approached
from different administrative
angles."



[4] VIRGIL KAY:

Stamped note:
roller-blade sneakers
classified as lateral
time instruments.



FINAL ENTRY (NON-TERMINAL)

NOTHING IS FILED ONCE

NOTHING IS OVER

NOTHING IS BEFORE OR AFTER WITHOUT PERMISSION

VIRGIL KAY

EDITOR ROOSTER CHINA WOK HABITUE

TREASURY CLERK & STAMPER OF

CONDITIONAL TRUE THINGS

Virgil Kay



SUBJECT RELEASED
INTO CONTINUOUS
SIDEWALK STATUS

CITY OF BANGOR
CONTINUES SELF-REVISION



2026: JANE'S WALKS



What's not there and
what could be.

ALL THINGS
TEMPORARY
ALL THE TIME

THIS DOCUMENT EXISTS
IN ALL ITS DATES
AT ONCE



PIRANESI
Structure
as imagination.

TARKOVSKY
Time is moisture.
Memory is light
on concrete.

WARE
Diagrams
carry
emotion.

TATI
People are
accidents with
good posture.

BEKSINSKI
Decay is not
an ending.
It is architecture.

SASHA
YURODIVY
(LISTENING)

BANGOR
MAINE

TREE
STREETS
NODE

ONE
TREATMENT
ONE-YEAR
GUARANTEE.
(not true,
but useful)

GOLD STAR
LAUNDRY
THIS MACHINE
DOES NOT
MAKE CHANGE

JUDY'S
RESTAURANT

PRO
LIBRES
BOOKSTORE

KENDUSKEAG
BASIN
DRAINAGE
DECIDES
FIRST.

COMPLAINT
SYSTEMS
ARE
DRAINAGE
BY OTHER
MEANS

PIZZA
OF MISTAKE
(OF PASTE)

BASEMENT
TELLS TRUTH
BEFORE
LANDLORD

WATER
REMEMBERS
OLDER
JURISDICTIONS

THE SUBBASEMENT
IS NOT UNDER THE CITY.
IT IS THE CITY'S
METHOD OF CONTINUING



PIRANESI
Architecture
engraves
what power
forgets.



TARKOVSKY
Every puddle
is a memory
that refused
evaporation.



WARE
A map is
a promise
to return.



TATI
Bureaucracy
is a choreography
performed without
music.



BEKSINSKI
When stone
tries of holding,
It becomes image.

SASHA
YURODIVY
I only deliver.
Others draw
the map.

G.B. Piranesi

A. Tarkovsky

Chris Ware

Jacques Tati

Z. Beksiński

Sasha Yurodivy



THE SUBBASEMENT OF EXPECTATION

*Canticles, Dossiers, and Drainage Lectures
from the Unofficial Lower Floors of North
Atlantic Civics*

By Sasha Yurodivy

PART I — FACTORY SECOND IN CONTINUOUS
REVISION

being an unauthorized dossier of continuities,
corrections, third places, complaint systems,
duct interfaces, and other uncanonical
survivals, collated from the underside of
reality by the Working Group on Uncanonical
Spaces, Panopticon Institute of Recursive
History

Status: Unresolved / Continued in Next Version /
Version Not Yet Received

INTERCALATED MEMORANDUM: SASHA BEFORE
MAINE

Before Bangor, before the laundromat, before
the deer painting, before the Institute
discovered in him a useful inability to
distinguish obligation from calling, Sasha
operated three businesses in the south-east
Moscow stack.
Not sequentially.
Simultaneously.

From the same phone, nearly the same van, and
exactly the same nervous system.

Pest control in Lyubertsy and along Ryazansky.

A Soviet photo room in a basement storage unit
whose enlarger had outlived two countries and
one tax code.

Prop delivery off Volgogradsky for productions
too cheap to distinguish urgency from planning.

Everything was urgent. Everything overlapped.

Nothing was ever one thing at a time except
exhaustion.

He answered every call as though lateness were
a misunderstanding that could still be
corrected by tone. He had a way of speaking to
clients that made time sound negotiable. This
had become, without his quite noticing, the
central skill of his adult life.

His phrase—the phrase on the pest-control
flyers, the phrase on the invoices, the phrase he
repeated in stairwells, in kitchens, in damp
utility rooms while tenants watched him with
the bruised hope people reserve for cheap
miracles—was:

One treatment. One-year guarantee.

This did not describe reality.

Infestations were structural.

Buildings were compromised.

Landlords lied.

Pipes sweated.

Food got dropped behind radiators.

Trash chutes became treaties between species.

But a man must sometimes speak in the language
that gets the door opened.

So he guaranteed.

The guarantees accumulated like weather debt.

ARCHIVIST'S NOTE

The obsolete Russian term most useful here is
yurodivy: holy fool.

Not innocence, but operational misread of
systems that accidentally reveals structure.

I. THE CORRIDOR THAT REFUSES TO ACKNOWLEDGE

The duct did not know it was a corridor.

It believed itself ventilation.

Sasha moved through it as through a document
still being typed elsewhere. The corridor
ratified itself in installments. Each meter
became legal only after he had already passed
it.

Above: systems that still believed in sequence.

Below: systems that had stopped submitting
reports.

Between: jurisdictional absence.

He kept saying into no phone at all:
"Five minutes away."

The phrase served as prayer, tool, and access
code.

ARCHIVIST'S NOTE

The corridor is the first subbasement.

It is what infrastructure looks like when it
forgets it is infrastructure.

II. THE LAUNDROMAT THAT DOES NOT MAKE
CHANGE

Gold Star Laundry sat like a civic organ that
had stopped receiving instructions but
continued functioning anyway.

Machines clicked into operation with tap
authority. Dryers turned with indifferent
persistence. A sign declared:

THIS MACHINE DOES NOT MAKE CHANGE

The sentence possessed theological clarity.
Sasha stood beneath it with four warm quarters.

He did not spend them.

He understood, without being told, that some
currencies survive system collapse.

III. THE DINER THAT BECAME WEATHER

Judy's Restaurant on State Street had stopped
being a business and become weather.

Diagonal wood. worn plaster. deer painting
presiding like regional subconscious.

Coffee moved through the room like runoff
through a controlled basin.

Waitresses did not perform service. They
maintained hydraulic stability.

Breakfast was not food. It was civic pressure
management.

No one conceptualized it as community.

That is why it worked.

ARCHIVIST'S NOTE

The diner is the third subbasement.
It stabilizes emotional overflow without naming
it.

IV. TREE STREETS MUNICIPAL QUESTIONS
(PROVISIONAL NODE)

Behind Pro Libres Bookstore, Ken and Terence
operate an unauthorized civic node constructed
from cardboard, plywood, maps, and unresolved
municipal logic.

Sasha delivers pizza there by accident or fate
or routing error.

He is told:

You are not a pizza guy.

You are a system impersonating resolution.

He does not deny this.

He does not confirm it either.

FIELD NOTE (UNSIGNED)

Sasha still believes instructions are sincere
more often than evidence supports.

This is why he is useful

PART II — CANTOS OF THE KENDUSKEAG

DRAINAGE BASIN

being a municipal lecture on runoff, complaint
systems, unofficial hydraulics, and related
salvations

The alley behind Pro Libres Bookstore
accumulated weather the way old filing
cabinets accumulate jurisdiction: unevenly,
reluctantly, and with decades no one wished to
discuss directly.

Water stood in shallow depressions beside the
dumpster, reflecting brick, wire, and one bent
sign:

NO PARKING EXCEPT FOR AUTHORIZED LOADING

The sign leaned like a long-standing
disagreement with enforcement.

Sasha sat in a folding chair with a broken leg.

The chair preferred imbalance. So did the city.

Maps were spread across plywood resting on milk
crates. The plywood bowed slightly, giving
Bangor the geometry of a basin.

Ken said:

"People think drainage means water."

He unfolded a photocopy faded into
institutional gray.

"Water's only the visible part," Terence said.

"Drainage is what a place admits it can't hold."

Sasha leaned forward.

Outside, a truck reversed with the electronic
scream of modern uncertainty.

Ken tapped the Kenduskeag.

"City starts here officially," he said. "But
officially is never where anything starts. Water
remembers older jurisdictions."

Terence added:

"Bangor keeps producing the same three men in
different jackets because the drainage basin
does."

Sasha considered this as operational fact.

"In Moscow," he said, "basement tells truth
before landlord."

Ken slapped the plywood.

"Exactly."

INTERLUDE: MILANESE PROVINCIAL MEMORY
(UNACKNOWLEDGED INSERTION)

Terence:

"In Milan they understood this earlier."

Ken groaned.

"Dialect poets," Terence continued. "Carlo Porta.
They knew cities speak through complaints. Heat.
breakfast. wet shoes. cheap food. bad drains."

Ken:

"Municipal satire disguised as conversation."

Terence:
"Exactly."

DRAINAGE LECTURE CONTINUES

Ken:
"Drainage isn't water flow. It's tolerated failure."

Terence:
"Every city is what it cannot get rid of."

Ken:
"Water, then industry, then smell, then loneliness, then paperwork."

Terence:
"Paperwork especially. Paperwork is moisture that became administrative."

Sasha:
"In Moscow, pest control same."

Ken:
"Same everywhere."

CORE ASSERTION

Terence:
"You can map loneliness hydrologically."

Ken:
"Streets don't shape cities. Drainage does."

Ken taps map:
"Government draws streets after water already decided."

FIELD NOTE: ON LOCAL MEN

Ken:
"That's why cities produce types."
"Delivery drivers."
"Exterminators."
"Men with ladders and no savings."

"People answering municipal questions without
authority."

Terence:

"Migrants moving through ventilation because
route felt plausible."

Sasha:

"The flashlight fell."

Ken:

"That's drainage."

FINAL ASSERTION

Ken:

"The subbasement isn't under the city."

Terence:

"It is the city."

Everything on the table becomes legible as flow
system:
water
labor
deliveries
complaints
mold
breakfast
rumor
ductwork
waiting
immigration
coffee

failure that continues anyway

Sasha places four warm quarters on the plywood.

No one stops him.

Ken:

"Keep them. Machines don't recognize everything."

FINAL ARCHIVIST ADDENDUM

A city is not where people live.
A city is where problems return often enough to
acquire nicknames.
The deer painting remains stable.
This is not decorative.
This is infrastructure.

AUTHORSHIP STATEMENT

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Compiled under partial supervision of:
Ken (Tree Streets Node)
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Working Group on Uncanonical Spaces
Panopticon Institute of Recursive History
(status disputed)

STATUS

Unresolved.
Continuing.
Still wet in structural ways.

[illegible]



Two Sonnets

By Mohan Rangam

SONNET ON CUPID

Oh! Illusion of all illusions,
Art thou incarnated as Cupid?
Depicted ye with wings,
And hath armed with love-shaft.
Entwines ye many hearts of innocence,
And warms thyself in their perdu passion.
Thou drowns many hearts of sanctity love
Into your fathomless Lethe,
And creates many insane encomiast
To eulogize thy illusion deeds.
As Apollo transformed Clytie to sunflower,
Thou endears innocent hearts bend towards you.
Caduceus, I pray unto thee, resurrect true hearts
Whom the nebulous fiend Cupid has entombed.

SONNET
WHERE BARDS LOSE REASON

What maketh bards delineate the fairer sex,
Whilst the withering, ephemeral bouquet?
Doth portray sanity—inner traits,
Else the bewitching statute?
Oh, winged boy! Whither begone art thou,
Devoured of bards' sanity—poetic reasoning.
Methinks insane compare, loitering Phoebe
Of waxing, waning—alas, crescent!
Captivating eyes, enticing countenance of traits,
Mesmerizing words oft maketh spell on bards.
Hardly be a lamp lit with water;
Akin to it, portraying is the illusionary love.
Perhaps thought may, sans language—
Bards lack not, depicting the fairer sex.



HYDE RAKER & THE
CLOCKWORK LIBRARY:
A BANGOR ODYSSEY
A Novella of Forgery, Slang,
and the Underground
Economy of Books
By Pace Grierson



PROLOGUE: THE COMPRESSION

Hyde Raker's real job didn't disappear. It compressed.

One morning the pulp mill coughed its last breath into the Penobscot, and Bangor exhaled. The layoffs came swift and final. The desk, the nameplate, the 401(k)—all of it folded down to the size of a Little Free Library book. Now Hyde delivered for Sham's Big Bucks Emporium and, unofficially, for the Bangor Underground Lending Cooperative. The gig economy had met the black market of books, and Hyde was its most reluctant apostle.



PART I: THE TREE STREETS AND THE GHOST OF PULP

I. The Geography of Loss

The tree streets—Harlow, Park, Broadway—were Bangor's veins. Oaks and maples filtered the Maine light into something almost sacred, but the sidewalks told the truth: cracked like old book spines, each fracture a record of the city's industrial past.

Bangor had been the Lumber Queen of the World. Sawmills and paper plants turned forests into wealth, waste, and words. The Veazie Dam still stood, but the mills were now condos. The trees were heritage. The words had become Hyde's currency.

He knew every Little Free Library on his route: the red schoolhouse on State Street, raided first by gutter-snipes; the ocean-blue one on Broadway, stocked with annotated Moby-Dick; the hidden one on Harlow behind the lilac bush, where he'd once found a first-edition Call of the Wild.

II. The First Rule of the Underground

Hyde met the Bangor Underground Lending Cooperative on a rain-slicked Tuesday while delivering a 55-inch TV to 127 Union Street—Sham's Big Bucks Emporium.

Sham was a man of few words and many side hustles. His back room smelled of electronics, bootleg DVDs, and old paper. Old Man

Harkness held court there, peeling a Victorian ex libris from a first-edition Dracula.

"You the new omnibus?" Harkness asked.

"The new what?"

"Delivery man by day, book man by night."

Harkness looked up. "You're standing in the Bangor Underground Lending Cooperative."

Hyde glanced at the TV box. "Uber sent me."

Harkness smirked. "Then you're already halfway to being one of us."



PART II: THE CLOCKWORK UNDERGROUND

I. The Mechanics of the Hustle

The Underground wasn't a gang. It was a system. Gutter-snipes raided the Little Free Libraries first. Harkness vetted everything. Books with marginalia, bookplates, or the scent of pipe tobacco went into the forge. He carved new ex libris—serpents, ships, leafless trees—each one a false history. Hyde delivered the books to collectors, used stores, or back into circulation with new identities.

Profit was "oof." Unsellable books were "Old Probabilities," left as offerings.

II. The Art of the Ex Libris

For Harkness, forgery was preservation.

"Every book has a soul," he said, carving a raven into wood. "And every soul deserves a proper home."

A weeping angel meant stolen from a church. A gear and rose meant it came from a Portland steampunk collector. A leafless tree meant lifted from a college library during finals. His favorite was the ship's mast: "For the books that crossed oceans. Or at least crossed the city limits."

III. The Bangor Plan

Rules kept the system running. The Ribbon Code: red for off-limits, blue for fair game, none for ask Harkness. The Sham Tax: ten percent to Sham for the press, five to the rainy-day fund (mostly Harkness's whiskey). Delivery Protocol: never leave a Little Free Library empty. If a cop asked, you were just delivering.

It was clockwork, precise as the old way-wisdomers that measured distance by wheel turns.



PART III: THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE HUSTLE

I. The Pipes and the Operators

One night over cheap whiskey and a stolen Name of the Rose, Harkness laid it out.

"You ever hear of the Telakouphanon? 1848 Punch satire about piping opera into homes like gas. Joke then, prophecy now. Books are the

pipes. Little Free Libraries are the conduits. We're the operators."

"So we're plumbers," Hyde said.

Harkness smiled. "Librarians of the shadows."

II. The Ethics of Forgery

"Is this even legal?" Hyde asked, holding up a forged Great Gatsby.

Harkness didn't look up from his carving. "Is Uber legal? We're not stealing. We're keeping the cycle going—the mills made the paper, writers made the words, readers made the meaning."

"And if we get caught?"

"Then we pay the fine and keep going. Just like the old Bangor Plan during Prohibition."

"So we're bootleggers."

"Cultural ones."

III. The Weight of What Was Lost

Hyde's sister Mira worked at Eastern Maine Medical Center. She had little patience for his new line of work.

They met at the Main Street diner. Mira looked exhausted, dark circles under her eyes from another double shift.

"You used to have a real job," she said, sliding the hospital bill across the table. Their mother's. Red ink at the bottom.

"I still do," Hyde replied.

"Delivering TVs and stolen books?"

"Delivering opportunity."

Mira didn't laugh. "You used to say 'I'll figure it out' when you had a paycheck. It meant something different then."

Hyde folded the bill into his jacket pocket. The paper felt heavier than it should.



PART IV: THE SYSTEM UNDER STRESS

I. The Rare Book

A gutter-snipe named Jesse tipped him off: a gold-covered book with a dragon in the Park Street Little Free Library.

Hyde found it that evening—a slim 1903 private printing, *The Hill-King's Hoard* by Aldous Trembath. Hand-painted ex libris of a dragon curled around gold. Scholars quietly linked it to Tolkien's circle.

Harkness nearly dropped his whiskey. "This isn't just a book. It's a relic."

II. The Collector

Dr. Elias Voss lived in a West Broadway mansion with a library ladder and stained glass. He offered five thousand, then hinted at more. His fingers twitched like he wanted to snatch it. Harkness refused. "This book belongs in Bangor."

Voss laughed. "You're a poet, old man."

"I'm a librarian."

III. The Decision

That night Hyde sat on his fire escape with the book in his lap and the folded bill in his pocket. Five thousand would cover most of what Mira needed. Ten would make life easier for months. Or he could return it. Let the city keep its dragon.

He thought about the pulp mill now turned into expensive condos. About Harkness saying they kept the cycle going. About Mira's tired face. About what kind of brother he wanted to be. He made his choice. It didn't feel clean.



PART V: THE RESOLUTION

I. The Return

The next morning Hyde placed the book back in the Park Street Little Free Library and tied on a red ribbon.

"Off-limits?" Jesse asked.

"This one's not for sale."

He called Mira and told her he could cover half. He didn't explain where the money would come from.

II. The Aftermath

Voss tracked him to Sham's, waving a check.

"Ten thousand."

Hyde didn't look at it. "It's not mine to sell."

"Then who does it belong to?"

"Bangor."

Voss tore the check in half.

A week later the book vanished. No note, no replacement.

Two months later it appeared in a Sotheby's catalog from a Massachusetts private collection.

Reserve: forty-two thousand.

Hyde never asked Harkness about it. Harkness never offered.

III. The New Job

Hyde still delivers for Sham. Still runs books for the Underground. Mira's bill got paid eventually.

Sometimes when he passes the Park Street library he sees someone pulling out a paperback, face lighting up. The treasure is smaller now.

The dragon is gone.

Hyde smiles on most days. Some days he doesn't.



EPILOGUE: THE LIBRARY AS A LIVING THING

When Hyde drives the tree streets now, he sees the city for what it is: cracked sidewalks, Little Free Libraries stocked by unseen hands, books moving through invisible channels.

Sometimes it feels like clockwork. Sometimes it just feels like a city, and he is a man with a folded envelope in his pocket, still driving.



Footnotes and Bibliography

[1] Albert Barrère and Charles G. Leland, *A Dictionary of Slang, Jargon & Cant* (London: Chatto & Windus, 1897), s.v. "oof."

[2] The "Bangor Plan" refers to the city's quasi-formal Prohibition-era practice of fining speakeasies on a regular schedule in lieu of closing them.

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AFTERWORD

The Bangor Underground Lending Cooperative is fiction. Little Free Libraries are real. Thieves' cant is real. Informal economies have always kept cities running.

Hyde Raker's story is about compression—of jobs, lives, and heritage—and about what you lose when you win a moral argument. In the end,

Bangor reads. Hyde delivers. The dragon is somewhere in Massachusetts, behind glass.





Never Judge an Armadillo by Its Head Cold

by Mavis Erlanger

The first report arrives not as a report but as a weather correction.

A cold front moving inland over Bangor, Maine, brings with it the sensation of salt written incorrectly into air, as though the Atlantic has forgotten its spelling and begun to cough.

Somewhere offshore—though "offshore" is already a contested category in municipal filings—a merchant seaman armadillo disembarks.

No one agrees on why an armadillo is enlisted in maritime labor.

The customs officer writes in block capitals:

SUBJECT: UNKNOWN MARINE ANOMALY
(ARMADILLO? POSSIBLE CREW DESIGNATION OR
CARGO EMBEDMENT)

The armadillo carries a concertina, a chest infection later described as "non-cooperative," and a habit of pausing mid-step as though listening to older versions of himself.

He begins playing immediately.

More like labor-memory structures
extracted from older shipping systems.

Fragments of Whall's archive surface
through the bellows:

"Can't you dance the polka—"

"Johnny's gone to Hilo—"
metal rhythm, hauling cadence, dockside
laughter fossilized into tune.

The sound causes confusion in municipal
animals.

Dogs begin barking in 3/4 time.

It happens at 14:07, though the armadillo later insists time was "wet and non-linear."

A sneeze.

Not especially dramatic.

But in coastal Maine, where public health memory retains nineteenth-century sediment, the sneeze is immediately cross-referenced with leprosy bulletins, colonial epidemiology handbooks, and a misfiled pamphlet titled *On the Decline of Skin-Based Moral Failings in Island Populations*.

Someone in the port authority whispers:

"It is the old disease again but dressed incorrectly."

Within twelve minutes the system arrives: CDC notification, state health escalation, academic epidemiology units, religious advisory consultants for "historical continuity purposes," and three insurance adjusters who appear without memory of summons.

The armadillo continues playing
concertina.

Now slower.

As if adjusting to institutional
acoustics.

A local historian identifies the tune
incorrectly as:

"John's Gone to Hilo (Geographically
Impaired Variant)"

This causes further escalation.

Because in Whall's maritime archive,
songs are not entertainment—they are
labor synchronization technologies
embedded in bodies under strain.

The armadillo, however, is not hauling
sails.

He is standing near a vending machine that
has developed theological opinions about
change
distribution.

Still, the rhythm persists.

The crowd begins to misbehave in coordinated ways:

stepping forward together, pausing together, coughing in approximate unison.

Someone says:

"This is how outbreaks begin historically."

No one disputes this, because historically everything begins this way.

A junior official opens a worn binder labeled:

PRIZE ESSAYS ON LEPROSY (REFERENCE COPY — DO NOT DESTROY UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCE, INCLUDING REALITY)

Inside: Iceland as laboratory, Britain as disappearance narrative, South Africa as classification field, spontaneous recovery as epistemological instability.

The official reads aloud:

"Disease declines through isolation, sanitation, and moral geography..."
Someone looks at the armadillo.

The armadillo sneezes again.

A window breaks out of politeness.

Interpretation collapses.

The armadillo, when finally given a form to speak into, produces a statement in fragments:

I was not sick in the way you mean
I was only carrying weather from another
port
the concertina remembers more than I do
especially Liverpool
especially Callao
especially the sound of rope under
disagreement

I have worked under Black Ball Line
interpretations of time

No one in the room admits knowing what this means, though several nod in bureaucratic agreement.

Because classification has now failed,
the system expands—not medically, but
procedurally.

The response includes maritime quarantine perimeter, acoustic containment field, folkloric decontamination advisory, emergency consultation with a professor of historical contagion narratives, and a mobile unit labeled ANTI-MEMORY TRANSMISSION DIVISION.

The armadillo continues to play.

The melody mutates slightly each repetition.

Whall's shanties begin to interfere with modern radio frequencies.

Dockworkers report hearing "Can't you dance the polka?" inside traffic lights, "Johnny's gone to Hilo" inside refrigeration units, capstan rhythms in elevator descent alarms.

At the height of containment, a state official attempts reassurance:

"We are dealing with a fully compliant interagency coordination event."
Behind him, a vending machine dispenses nothing but saltwater and regret.

A nurse asks if the armadillo is contagious.

A linguist replies:

"Only in older dialects of maritime labor."

No one follows this, but it sounds official enough to proceed.

The sneeze is finally reclassified.

Not leprosy.

Not illness.

Not outbreak.

A mechanical adjustment of breath under accumulated ocean memory.

But by then it no longer matters.

Because the system has already responded too fully.

Too institutionally.

Too late.

From Bangor Public Health Log, partially
redacted:

SUBJECT DISPLAYED NON-STANDARD
RESPIRATORY EVENT WHILE PERFORMING
HISTORICAL WORK-SONG INTERFERENCE
PATTERNS.

ALL AGENCIES DEPLOYED CORRECTLY.
NO CONFIRMED DISEASE.
HOWEVER, COMMUNITY REPORTS INDICATE
MUSICAL AFTER-EFFECTS IN ELECTRICAL
SYSTEMS AND DREAM STATES.

A margin note reads:
we may have quarantined the wrong century.

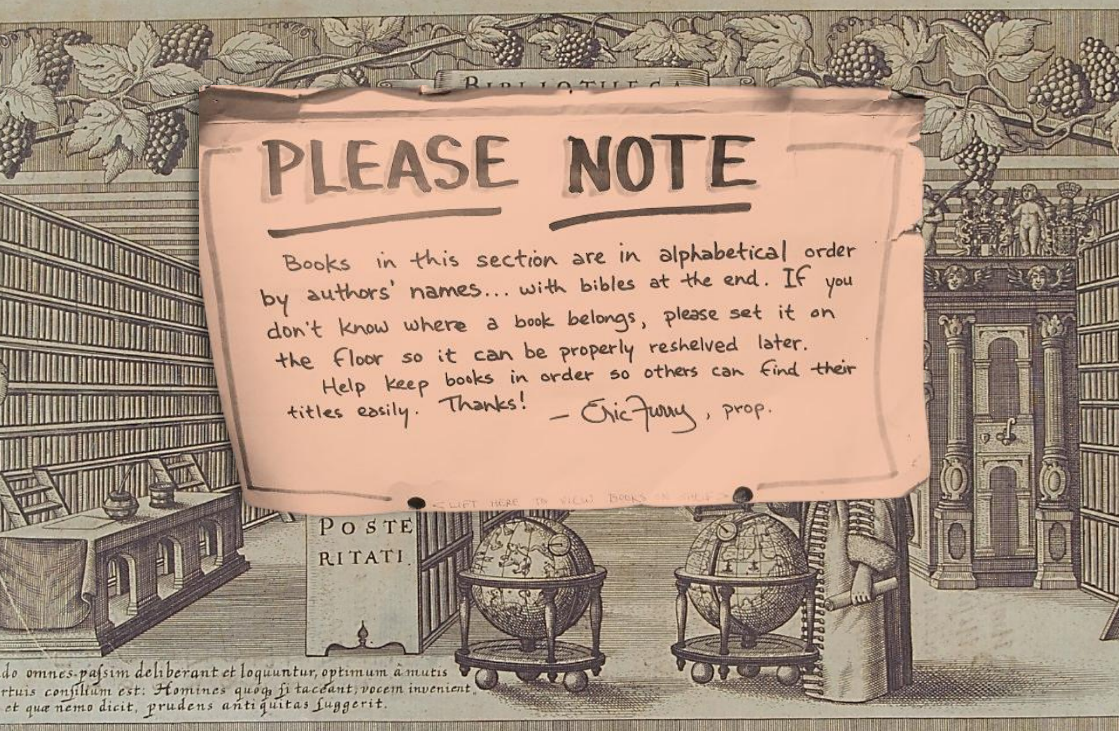
The armadillo leaves.

Or is removed.

Or becomes indistinguishable from coastal
fog with a preference for concertina
harmonics.

Bangor returns to normal operations,
which is to say: slightly synchronized
breathing with no known origin.

And somewhere offshore, if offshore still exists in a stable sense, Johnny is still going to Hilo without anyone agreeing on whether he ever left.



PLEASE NOTE

Books in this section are in alphabetical order by authors' names... with bibles at the end. If you don't know where a book belongs, please set it on the floor so it can be properly reshelfed later.

Help keep books in order so others can find their titles easily. Thanks!

— Eric Fung, prop.

do omnes passim deliberant et loquuntur, optimum à mutis
rturis consilium est. Homines quoque si taceant, vocem inventient.
et que nemo dicit, prudens antiquitas suggerit.

EXPECTATION OF LIFE.—The following table, founded on the death-rates from 1871 to 1880, has been compiled by Dr. W. Ogilvie, of the Registrar-General's Department, showing the number of persons of each sex of each million born who may expect to be alive at the end of each succeeding year up to 100 years, and also the number of years each may expect to live:—

Age.	Of 1,000,000 born, the number surviving at the end of each year of life.		Mean after-life-time (expectation of life).	
	Males.	Females.	Males.	Females.
0	1,000,000	1,000,000	41.35	44.62
1	841,417	871,266	48.05	50.14
2	790,201	820,480	50.14	52.22
3	738,787	769,350	51.44	53.22
4	746,567	775,427	51.95	52.99
5	724,763	762,622	51.01	53.20
6	723,407	755,718	50.87	55.08
7	721,103	750,276	50.88	52.94
8	716,309	745,631	51.26	51.26
9	712,337	741,729	50.53	50.53
10	708,990	738,362	49.53	49.53
15	696,419	724,936	49.76	49.76
20	657,077	707,949	45.63	45.63
25	630,088	684,858	41.65	41.65
30	598,860	655,418	37.93	37.93
35	563,077	628,849	30.90	30.90
40	522,374	596,118	27.46	27.46
45	476,980	520,181	24.08	24.08
50	424,677	477,450	17.38	17.38
55	365,011	422,353	14.24	14.24
60	297,166	356,224	14.22	14.22
65	229,055	277,622	10.92	10.92
70	180,980	219,022	8.95	8.95
75	138,784	163,222	5.30	5.30
80	100,000	120,000	6.97	6.97
85	70,000	80,000	5.20	5.20
90	50,000	60,000	3.27	3.27
95	30,000	40,000	3.80	3.80
96	25,000	35,000	3.90	3.90
97	20,000	30,000	2.74	2.74
98	15,000	25,000	2.50	2.50
99	10,000	20,000	2.43	2.43
100	5,000	10,000	3.30	3.30
101	2,000	4,000	2.92	2.92
102	1,000	2,000	2.74	2.74
103	500	1,000	2.66	2.66
104	300	600	2.51	2.40
105	200	400	2.22	2.40
106	100	200	2.12	2.17
107	50	100	2.01	2.11
108	25	50	1.90	2.03
109	10	20	1.81	1.88
110	5	10	1.72	1.78
111	2	5	1.65	1.78
112	1	2	1.61	1.62

THE KEEPING OF POULTRY.

says another authority, "is, that it is admitted that under a roof, in a lounge generally made warm, and brought house strong chickens; whereas the one that sits at home in a dry box or basket often spoils many of her eggs, and her chickens are frequently weakly."



ROOSTER.

also renders the chicken feverish and weakly." If the season is very dry the eggs may be sprinkled with tepid water when the hen is off the nest. The nest should not be very deep and should be only so large that the bird can just fill it. Further, the hen's should be as nearly flat as possible so that the eggs may not lean or knock together. Hens should leave the nest once a day, to feed, to stretch their legs a little, to have short dust bath, and to maintain

SUNLIGHT SOAP is a friend in need.

HYDE RAKER & THE CLOCKWORK LIBRARY: A BANGOR ODYSSEY

A Novella of Forgery,
Slang, and the Underground
Economy of Books

By Pace Grierson

PROLOGUE: THE COMPRESSION

Hyde Raker's real job didn't disappear. It compressed.

One morning the pulp mill—that great, groaning beast of Bangor's industrial past—coughed its last breath into the Penobscot, and the city exhaled. The layoffs came like a bad edit: swift, final, no room for appeal. The desk, the nameplate, the 401(k)—all of it folded into the size of a Little Free Library book, the kind you could hold in one hand while the other

steered a 2012 Honda Civic through the tree streets of Bangor, Maine.

Now Hyde delivered Sham's Big Bucks Emporium's overpriced electronics and, unofficially, the Bangor Underground Lending Cooperative's contraband literature. The gig economy had met the black market of books, and Hyde was its most reluctant apostle.

PART I: THE TREE STREETS AND THE GHOST OF PULP

I. The Geography of Loss

The tree streets—Harlow, Park, Broadway—were Bangor's veins, and Hyde was the blood moving through them. The oaks and maples formed a canopy of green stained glass, filtering the harsh Maine light into something almost sacred. But the sidewalks told the real story: cracked like the spines of old books, each fracture a fossil of the city's industrial past.

Bangor had once been the Lumber Queen of the World, its sawmills and paper plants chewing through forests and spitting out wealth, waste, and words. The Veazie Dam still stood, a monument to the age of pulp, when books were made from trees and men from grit. Now the mills were condos, the trees were heritage, and the words—well, the words were Hyde's new currency.

He knew every Little Free Library on his route: the one on State Street, shaped like a tiny red schoolhouse, where the gutter-snipes raided first; the one on Broadway, painted ocean blue, where a retired English teacher left annotated copies of Moby-Dick with notes in the margins like See? Ahab was a gig worker too; the one on Harlow, hidden behind an overgrown lilac bush, where Hyde once found a first edition of The Call of the Wild with a hand-drawn ex libris of a howling wolf.

Bangor was a city of readers, and every book had a history. Some had price tags. Others had bloodstains.

II. The First Rule of the Underground

Hyde's introduction to the Bangor Underground Lending Cooperative came on a rain-slicked Tuesday, when he delivered a 55-inch TV to 127 Union Street—the address of Sham's Big Bucks Emporium, a store that sold everything and nothing, depending on who you asked.

Sham (no last name, just like the store) was a man of few words and many side hustles. His store was a labyrinth of discount electronics, bootleg DVDs, and a back room where Old Man Harkness held court.

Harkness was seventy if he was a day, with hands like leather-bound books and a voice like a whispered footnote. He was peeling a Victorian ex libris off the

inside cover of a first edition Dracula when Hyde walked in.

"You the new omnibus?" Harkness asked, not looking up.

Hyde blinked. "The new what?"

"Omnibus. A man of many jobs. A delivery man by day, a book thief by night." Harkness finally looked at him.

"You're standing in the Bangor Underground Lending Cooperative, son. And you're holding a TV that no one in their right mind would buy."

Hyde looked down at the box in his hands. "Uber sent me here."

Harkness smirked. "Then you're already halfway to being one of us."

PART II: THE CLOCKWORK UNDERGROUND

I. The Mechanics of the Hustle

The Underground wasn't a gang. It was a system. The gutter-snipes—kids, mostly—raided the Little Free Libraries before Hyde could. They had small hands and no scruples. Harkness vetted the take. If a book had

marginalia, a bookplate, or the faint scent of pipe tobacco, it was worth something. Then came the forgery: Harkness carved new ex libris stamps—serpents, ships, trees without leaves—each one a coded history of where the book had been and where it was going. Hyde delivered the books to collectors, used bookstores, or back into the Little Free Libraries, now with new identities.

The profit was called oof, from the nineteenth-century thieves' cant for money.^[1] The unsellable books were Old Probabilities—left as offerings to the library gods.

II. The Art of the Ex Libris

For Harkness, forgery was preservation.

"Every book has a soul," he said one night, carving a raven into a block of wood. "And every soul deserves a proper home."

The ex libris wasn't just a stamp. It was a story. A weeping angel meant the book had been stolen from a church. A gear and a rose meant it came from a steampunk collector in Portland. A tree with no leaves meant plundered from a college library during finals week.

Hyde's favorite was the ship's mast—Harkness's signature. "For the books that crossed oceans," he'd say. "Or at least crossed the city limits."

III. The Bangor Plan

The Underground had rules. Not laws—laws were too rigid for a system built on trust and whiskey.

There was the Ribbon Code: red ribbon meant off-limits, someone powerful wanted it; blue ribbon meant fair game, take it, sell it, forge it; no ribbon meant ask Harkness. There was the Sham Tax: ten percent to Sham for the use of his offset press, five percent to the rainy-day fund (which mostly went to Harkness's whiskey habit). And there was the Delivery Protocol: never leave a Little Free Library empty—bad luck. Always replace a book with another, even if it's a Harlequin romance. If a cop asks, you're just a delivery man, which was technically true.

It was a clockwork system, as precise as the way-wiser—the ancient odometer that measured distance by the turning of wheels. And like the way-wiser, it kept the city moving.

.....

PART III: THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE HUSTLE

I. The Pipes and the Operators

One night, over cheap whiskey and a stolen copy of *The Name of the Rose*, Harkness laid out his grand theory.

"You ever hear of the Telakouphanon?"

Hyde shook his head.

"Eighteen forty-eight. Punch magazine ran a satire about a machine that would pipe opera into your home like gas. A joke, mostly. But every joke is a prophecy that hasn't been billed yet." Harkness tapped the spine of the book. "Books are the pipes now. The Little Free Libraries are the conduits. We're the operators."

Hyde stared at the bookshelves in Sham's back room—first editions, paperbacks, a few things that looked like they'd been salvaged from a dumpster fire. "So we're plumbers."

"We're librarians of the shadows."

Later, on the drive home, Hyde found himself thinking about gas lines under the city. About the way you didn't notice them until something leaked, or caught fire, or stopped working. About how every house on the tree streets was connected to something invisible, and how nobody thanked the men who kept the pressure up. Maybe Harkness was right. Maybe books moved through Bangor the same way—a current you only saw when it failed.

II. The Ethics of Forgery

Hyde had questions.

"Is this even legal?" he asked one evening, holding up a 1920s edition of *The Great Gatsby* with a brand-new ex libris of a flapper holding a martini.

Harkness didn't look up from his carving. "Is Uber legal?"

Hyde opened his mouth. Closed it.

"We're not stealing," Harkness continued. "We're preserving. The mills made the paper. The writers made the words. The readers made the meaning. We're just keeping the cycle going."

Hyde thought about the pulp mill, now condos with exposed brick and three-thousand-a-month rents.

"And if we get caught?"

Harkness finally looked at him. "Then we pay the fine and keep going. Just like the Bangor Plan."

Hyde knew the Bangor Plan. Back in the Prohibition years, the city's speakeasies paid fines instead of closing down.^[2] The cops got their cut, the bars stayed open, and everyone pretended it was business as usual. "So we're bootleggers?"

Harkness smiled. "We're cultural bootleggers."

III. The Weight of What Was Lost

Hyde's sister, Mira, was a nurse at Eastern Maine Medical Center. She had no patience for his new career.

"You used to have a real job," she said one Sunday, over coffee at a diner on Main Street.

Hyde stirred his black coffee. "I still do."

"Delivering TVs and stolen books?"

"Delivering opportunity."

Mira rolled her eyes. "You sound like Sham."

"That's the highest compliment I've ever gotten."

She didn't laugh. She slid an envelope across the table—a hospital bill, their mother's, the kind with red ink at the bottom and a payment plan that wasn't really a plan. "I've been carrying this since March," she said. "I didn't want to ask. But I'm asking."

Hyde looked at the number. It was almost exactly what Voss would offer him, three weeks later, for the dragon book. He didn't know that yet. He only knew the number was bigger than his checking account and smaller than his pride.

"I'll figure it out," he said.

Mira watched him for a long moment. "You used to say that when you had a paycheck. It meant something different then."

She left the bill on the table when she went. Hyde folded it twice and put it in his jacket pocket, where it stayed for the rest of the story, getting softer at the creases every time he reached for his keys.

PART IV: THE SYSTEM UNDER STRESS

I. The Rare Book

It started with a tip.

A gutter-snipe named Jesse—twelve years old, missing two front teeth—told Hyde about a book in the Little Free Library on Park Street.

"It's got a gold cover," Jesse said. "And a dragon on it." Hyde knew gold covers. Dragons. That was not a mass-market paperback.

He found it that evening: a slim, privately printed volume from 1903, *The Hill-King's Hoard*, by an Oxford don named Aldous Trembath. Trembath had died in obscurity. His tale of a burglar and a sleeping wurm had circulated among a handful of Inklings-adjacent readers and then vanished from the record. Tolkien scholars argued, quietly and without much evidence,

that it had crossed the right desk at the right time. The ex libris inside was hand-painted: a dragon curled around a mountain of gold.

Harkness nearly dropped his whiskey when he saw it.

"This isn't just a book," he said. "This is a relic."

II. The Collector

The buyer was a man named Dr. Elias Voss. He lived in a mansion on West Broadway, the kind of place with stained glass windows and a library with a ladder.

"I'll give you five thousand," Voss said, his fingers twitching like he wanted to snatch the book and run. Hyde hesitated. Five thousand was a lot of oof. It was almost the number on the bill in his pocket. Harkness shook his head. "No."

"No?" Hyde repeated.

"This book belongs in Bangor."

"It belongs to me," Voss snapped.

Harkness leaned in. "This book has a dragon on the cover. Dragons hoard treasure. But they also guard it. And Bangor's the treasure."

Voss laughed. "You're a poet, old man."

Harkness didn't smile. "I'm a librarian."

III. The Decision

That night Hyde sat on his fire escape, the book in his lap, the city humming below him. The bill was in his other pocket. He could feel both at once, a weight on either side of his ribs.

He could sell it. Five thousand would cover Mira's envelope and most of next month besides. Voss had already hinted he'd go higher.

Or he could keep it. Donate it to the Bangor Public Library. Let the city have its dragon.

He thought about the pulp mill. The mills that had built Bangor. The books that had been made from its trees. He thought about Harkness's line about keeping the cycle going, and how easy it was to say when you weren't the one carrying an envelope.

He made his choice. He didn't feel good about it.

PART V: THE RESOLUTION

I. The Return

The next morning Hyde put the book back in the Little Free Library on Park Street. He added a ribbon. Red. "Off-limits?" Jesse asked, watching him.

Hyde nodded. "This one's not for sale."

Then he called Mira from the car and told her he could cover half. He didn't say where the money would come from. He had three weeks to figure out the rest, and the rest of his life to figure out what kind of brother that made him.

II. The Aftermath

Voss wasn't happy.

He tracked Hyde down at Sham's, waving a check. "Ten thousand."

Hyde didn't look at it. "It's not mine to sell."

"Then who does it belong to?"

Hyde gestured to the city outside. "Bangor."

Voss tore the check in half, slowly, and let the pieces fall on the counter. "You think this ends here," he said.

"It doesn't. I have buyers in Boston who will pay a finder twenty percent just to point at it. There are children in this city who would trade that book for a bicycle. I will get it. The only question is whether you make anything when I do."

He left. The bell on the door rang for a long time after. Sham picked up the torn check, considered it, set it down. "He's not wrong," he said. "About the kids."

"I know," Hyde said.

"Red ribbon only works if people respect red ribbons."

"I know."

A week later the book was gone from the Park Street library. No note, no replacement, no ribbon. Hyde drove past three times that day, as if checking might undo it. Jesse claimed he hadn't seen anything. Harkness claimed he wasn't surprised. Voss, when Hyde finally got him on the phone, claimed nothing at all—which was its own kind of answer.

The book surfaced two months later in a Sotheby's catalog, attributed to a private collection in Massachusetts. The reserve was forty-two thousand dollars. The accompanying photograph showed an ex libris of a dragon curled around a mountain of gold, and a small, almost invisible mark in the lower corner that Hyde recognized as a ship's mast.

He never asked Harkness about it. Harkness never offered.

III. The New Job

Hyde still delivers for Sham's Big Bucks Emporium. He still delivers for the Underground. Mira's bill got paid, eventually, in a way he doesn't talk about and she doesn't ask about, which is how families survive each other.

Sometimes when he passes the Little Free Library on Park Street he sees someone—a kid, a professor, a cop off duty—pulling out a paperback, their face lighting up like they've found treasure. The treasure is smaller than it used to be. The dragon is gone. Bangor is still reading anyway.

Hyde smiles, mostly. Some days he doesn't.

EPILOGUE: THE LIBRARY AS A LIVING THING

Now, when Hyde drives the tree streets, he sees the city as a book: the cracks in the sidewalk are marginalia, the Little Free Libraries are chapters, the ex libris stamps are footnotes. He and the delivery men and the forgers and the gutter-snipes are the readers, the writers, the thieves.

Sometimes, when the light hits just right, the whole city feels like a clockwork machine, ticking away, keeping time in a language only they understand. And sometimes it just feels like a city, and he is just a man with a folded envelope in his pocket, driving.

[1] Albert Barrère and Charles G. Leland, *A Dictionary of Slang, Jargon & Cant* (London: Chatto & Windus, 1897), s.v. "oof."

[2] The "Bangor Plan" refers to the city's quasi-formal Prohibition-era practice of fining speakeasies on a regular schedule in lieu of closing them—an arrangement documented in local newspaper accounts and discussed in regional histories of Maine's complicated relationship with liquor law.

Bibliography

Barrère, Albert, and Charles G. Leland. *A Dictionary of Slang, Jargon & Cant*. London: Chatto & Windus, 1897.

Mayhew, Henry. *London Labour and the London Poor*. London: Griffin, Bohn, 1861.

Walsh, William Shepard. *A Handy Book of Curious Information*. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott, 1913.

AFTERWORD

The Bangor Underground Lending Cooperative is fiction. Little Free Libraries are not—over 150,000 exist worldwide. Thieves' cant is not; the slang of the Underground draws from historical lexicons of crime and trade. Informal economies are not; from Prohibition-era speakeasies to modern gig work,

systems of tacit agreement keep cities running long after their official engines have stopped.

Hyde Raker's story is one of compression—of lives, jobs, and histories folded into smaller and smaller spaces. It is also a story about what you lose when you win a moral argument, and what you keep when you lose a book.

In the end, Bangor reads. Hyde delivers. The dragon is somewhere in Massachusetts, behind glass.



See It Now!

WITH

ED MURROW

ON THE

TOXIC FIZZING WATERMELON

IT
FIZZES
THEREFORE
IT LIES.

THE MEMBRANE BETWEEN 1870 AND NOW IS SLACK—WHAT'S LEAKING THROUGH ISN'T JUICE, FRIEND... IT'S JUDGMENT DAY.

WE SHALL NOT BE BULLIED BY BUBBLES.
WE SHALL NOT BE BEWITCHED BY FIZZ. THIS IS NOT A PICNIC—THIS IS MICROBIAL TERROR IN A GROCERY BAG.

GAS BUILD-UP = BIOLOGICAL SABOTAGE!

BOTULISM E. COLI SALMONELLA

* DISCARD IMMEDIATELY—BEFORE IT DISCARDS YOU.

FERMENTATION:
NOT FRESHNESS—IT'S DECAY IN DISGUISE.

PRESSURE BUILDS.
TRUTH LEAKS OUT.

POP!

Fizz!!

EXPLOSION HAZARD:
FLAVOR BECOMES FUNGAL FURY.

SAFETY FIRST:
DON'T EAT IT. DON'T SMELL IT. DON'T TAKE IT HOME TO YOUR MOTHER!

*** IF YOUR WATERMELON STARTS TO FIZZ, IT'S NOT JUICE—IT'S JUDGMENT. ***

VOLCANO EXPERIMENT

- CUT.
- ADD:
VINEGAR
+ BAKING SODA
+ DELUSION
- WATCH THE BUBBLY ERUPTION OF DENIAL.

THIS MESSAGE Brought to you by The Comix Public Safety Front and Your Local Paranoia Board.

DON'T BE A SUGARHEAD.

ZIPO FIZZ™
WATERMELON DRINK

FOR WHEN YOU JUST WANT TO FEEL SICK FASTER.

COMIC VELOCITY OF STOMACH REGRET.

GROCERIES ARE NOT GUARANTEED. NEITHER IS TOMORROW.

*** LIVE AUDACIOUSLY. QUESTION BUBBLES. ***

A CONTINUITY OF CONTAMINATION.

STAY ALERT. STAY SKEPTICAL. STAY OUT OF THE PRODUCE AISLE!

BROUGHT TO YOU IN BLACK, WHITE, GREY, GREEN, AND GUILT.

LAZARILLO OF TORMES PADDLES THROUGH BANGOR

AN EPIC POEM

The water reaches
the maples first.
Not dramatically.
No violins.
Just a slow
reconsideration
of boundaries.

Do not explain
the flood.
Encounter it.

PRETZEL PEDAGOGY DURING THE DELUGE

Rousseau:
Encounter it.
Climb in.

Dewey:
The flood is
the classroom.

Piaget:
Hats become boats.
Boats become kingdoms.
Argue. Revise.

Vygotsky:
Everyone teaches.
Everyone learns.
Pass the pretzels.

MADONNA
"HUNG UP"

↓
ABBÀ

DISCO
CENTURIES
YOU
ME



A knot
that is
not a knot.
A lesson
that is
not a lesson.

NOTE TO BOOKKEEPER:
Chronology uncertain.
after paragraph 19.
Preserve anyway.

NOTE TO TIREDMAN:
Additional pirate hats
required. Several have
softened into
philosophy.

NOTE TO PLAYERS' BOYS:
Retrieve floating.
pretzel bag.
It contains
wisdom.

ONE CONTINUOUS STRAND



THREE OPENINGS

"THE TIRING-HOUSE LAYER



BOOKKEEPER
Tracks reality.
Holds the book.



TIREDMAN
Mends appearances.
Saves the surfaces.



SWEATING POET
Worries the meaning.
Feeds the uncertainty.



PLAYERS' BOYS
Run errands.
Save the day.

HOLD
THE
BOOK

THE RIVER
RECEIVES
EVERYTHING.

EVERYTHING IS SAMPLING SOMETHING.
EVERYTHING IS REVISION.
EVERYTHING IS A REMIX WEARING OLDER CLOTHES.



THE TWELFTH RELATION *of* LAZARILLO *of* TORMES

*Being an Account of His Passage Through the
Flooded Tree Streets of Bangor, Together with
Certain Observations Upon Pretzels, Learning,
Invisible Labor, and the Preservation of Reality
During a Municipal Deluge*

Recovered from a damp packet of papers.

NOTE TO BOOKKEEPER:

The chronology of the flood remains uncertain.

Several pages appear to have drifted upriver.

Preserve nevertheless.

NOTE TO TIREMAN:

Additional pirate hats required by stanza twenty-three.

Several have softened into philosophy.



I, Lazarillo of Tormes,
having survived priests,
masters,
gentlemen,

swindlers,
hunger,
lawsuits,
and the ordinary weather of Spain,
did not expect to be defeated by Maine.
Yet thus it happened.
For upon a morning of modest intentions,
the river undertook an expansion project.
The water reached the maples first.
Not dramatically.
No trumpets.
No celestial warning.
No prophetic heron.
The gutter forgot its assignment.
The curb entered retirement.
The tree streets of Bangor received visitors from the river
who arrived carrying fragments of cloud,
a drowned tennis ball,
three contradictory weather reports,
and the solemn temperament of old mirrors.
Great barley-hooks and fog bells!
said I.
The situation appeared educational.
A newspaper was folded into a pirate hat.
Another followed.
Then another.
Soon the neighborhood possessed a navy.
Not a powerful navy.
Not a navy recognized by any nation.
But a navy nonetheless.

We stood in floodwater
wearing headlines upon our heads.
The newspapers described yesterday.
The river described today.
Neither entirely agreed.
A child asked whether the hats were waterproof.
The assembled company responded with silence.
This was the first lesson.
Then from a garage emerged
an inflatable boat,
slowly,
majestically,
like a whale remembering a previous century.
We boarded.
We pushed away from the mailbox.
The mailbox remained behind
with the stoicism of a philosopher
who had already read the ending.
Thus commenced my voyage through Bangor.



NOTE TO PLAYERS' BOYS:
Retrieve one floating pretzel bag.
It possesses thematic significance.



Everyone carried pretzels.
Naturally.

The pretzels circulated among us
with the gravity ordinarily reserved
for treaties and constitutional amendments.

One citizen asserted
that monks had invented them.

Another citizen declared
that this history remained uncertain.

The pretzels continued existing
regardless of the outcome.

This struck me as wisdom.

For throughout my life
I had observed many arguments survive
after the facts had drowned.

The pretzel itself presented a mystery.

Three openings.

One strand.

A knot which was not a knot.

A puzzle disguised as lunch.

The child turned one in his hands
as though deciphering an ancient chart.

The floodwater reflected the shape.

The shape reflected history.

The history reflected other histories.

The entire thing seemed excessively connected.



Then appeared Rousseau.

Not bodily.

More atmospherically.

He arrived as weather.

He stood upon the bow
with damp philosophical dignity.
"Do not explain the flood,"
he instructed.
"Encounter it."
The child nearly dropped a pretzel.
The pretzel nearly entered the river.
The child recovered it.
Thus was gravity demonstrated.
No worksheet survived long enough
to compete.



Thereafter arrived Dewey.
Not as a man.
As a municipal condition.
The flood became classroom.
The classroom became neighborhood.
The neighborhood became experiment.
Questions floated beside the boat.
Why does the water rise here first?
Where does the storm drain go?
Who designed this street?
Why does his pretzel possess more salt than mine?
The curriculum emerged organically
from the disaster.
Merciful ledger hinges!
The educational authorities
had somehow become useful.



Then Piaget occupied the stern.
He devoted himself entirely
to the pirate hats.
For the hats became boats.
The boats became kingdoms.
The kingdoms became republics.
The republics became arguments.
The arguments became treaties.
The treaties collapsed.
The hats remained.
Paper had discovered
its better destiny.



Then Vygotsky appeared.
Or perhaps had always been aboard.
The distinction proved difficult.
Knowledge moved around the boat
the way pretzels moved around the boat.
A grandparent explained knots.
A teenager interpreted radar.
A child demonstrated courage.
No person possessed the whole lesson.
Everyone carried a fragment.
Thus did learning resemble floodwater.



NOTE TO BOOKKEEPER:

The distinction between pedagogy and navigation
has become unstable.
Monitor closely.



We drifted between maples.
The maples displayed professional composure.
The duck we encountered
declined all interviews.
Then from some impossible source—
perhaps a submerged speaker,
perhaps a flooded record shop,
perhaps the collective unconscious itself—
came music.
A rhythm crossed the water.
A melody inherited from another melody.
A song remembering previous songs.
The educational theorists nodded.
The pretzels nodded.
Even the duck appeared moderately persuaded.
For all learning is inheritance.
A newspaper inherits yesterday.
A pirate hat inherits a newspaper.
A boat inherits a garage.
A child inherits a question.
A pretzel inherits a monastery.
A city inherits a river.
A poem inherits another poem.

And all of us inherit
more than we can possibly inventory.



By the cracked astrolabe!
At this moment I perceived
the hidden machinery beneath the flood.
For while philosophers discoursed,
while children experimented,
while ducks withheld comment,
others labored.
Invisible.
Constant.
Essential.
The Bookkeeper was there.
Not celebrated.
Not sung.
Maintaining continuity.
Labeling damp folders.
Annotating margins.
Rescuing addresses.
Recording rainfall.
Preserving the sequence of events.
Without the Bookkeeper
the flood would become rumor.
Without the rumor
it would become forgetting.
The Tireman was there.
Mending appearances.

Repairing hats.
Saving photographs.
Drying illustrations.
Preserving surfaces
against the appetite of water.
The Sweating Poet was there.
Terrified.
Certain that nobody understood the symbolism.
Certain that everybody understood it incorrectly.
Certain that the pretzel meant too much.
Certain that it meant too little.
Candles preserve us!
cried the Sweating Poet.
A cork removed sounds precisely like criticism.
The Players' Boys hurried everywhere.
Retrieving lost references.
Recovering floating notes.
Carrying coffee.
Rescuing metaphors.
Preventing continuity failures.
And suddenly I understood
what no rogue had previously confessed:
The world is not maintained by heroes.
The world is maintained by people
who remember where the folders go.



The river rose.
The boat drifted.

The hats softened.
The ink migrated patiently toward the future.
Bangor became briefly Venetian,
 briefly absurd,
 briefly philosophical,
 briefly a classroom,
 briefly an archive.
The pretzel turned in my hand.
 One strand.
 Many crossings.
No beginning visible.
No ending obvious.
Around us the floodwater joined
 street to street,
 tree to tree,
 question to question,
 person to person.
And for one suspended afternoon
 the entire city appeared
 to consist of participation.
 Not certainty.
 Not expertise.
 Not authority.
 Participation.
 The oldest lesson.
 The newest lesson.
The lesson preserved whenever somebody
 holds the book,
 labels the folder,
 repairs the boat,

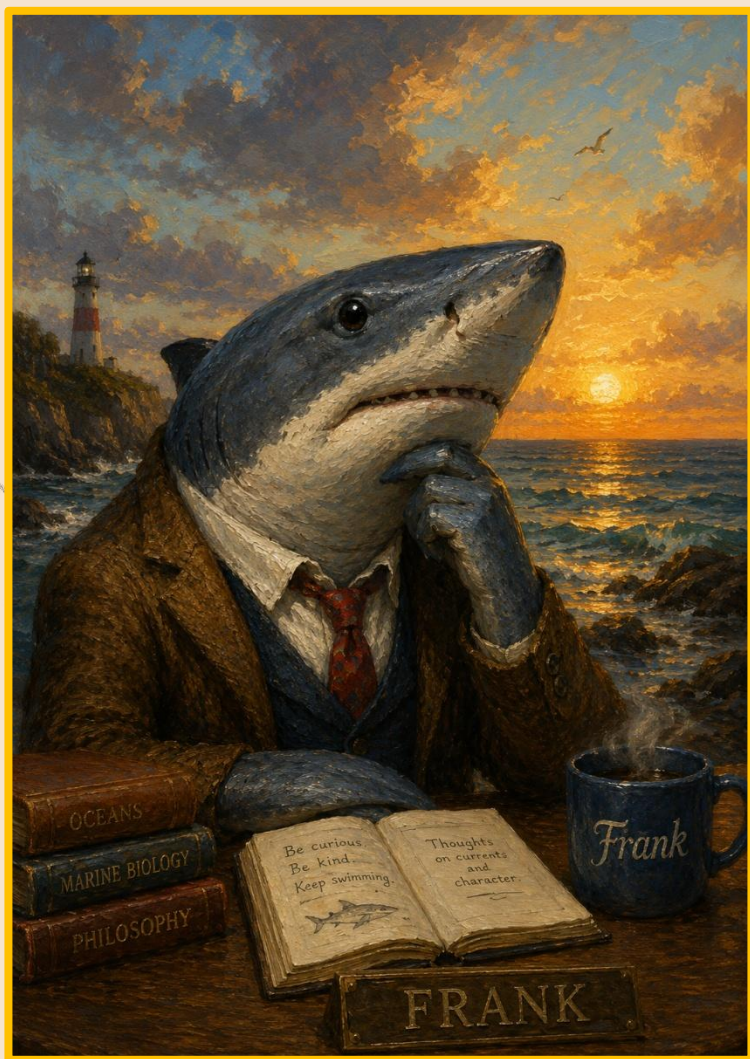
shares the pretzel,
or folds tomorrow's pirate hat
from yesterday's news.



FINAL NOTE TO ALL DEPARTMENTS:

File the weather.
Mend the bonnet.
Dry the manuscript.
Refill the coffee.
Preserve the pretzels.
Hold the book well.
The river is still rising.
The lesson is still underway.





THE NOMADIC INSTITUTE FOR PALIMPSESTIC STUDIES AND NAUTICAL EPISTEMOLOGIES

FIELD COMPOSITE DOSSIER: INFLATABLE REPAIR, MEMORY, AND STRUCTURAL THEORY

Compiled from six inflatable boat technicians and
the marginal annotations of a senior instructor

Attribution: Collective notes of technicians

- N. Sato (Hull Integrity Specialist)
- Carla Mendes (Adhesive Systems Technician)
- Idris Volkov (Emergency Patch Logistics)
- L. Hammond (Material Memory Analyst)
- T. Kaur (Field Stability Operator)
- Benicio R. Alvarez (Inflation Pressure
Cartographer)

Instructor:

“The Instructor” (name withheld), formerly a
difficult childhood subject, now in remission from
unresolved biography, later reconciled with foster
mother, currently accompanied in all field

operations by a certified emotional support shark named Frank.

I. TECHNICAL CORE (CLINICAL MODE: STANDARD FIELD MANUAL)

1. Failure Detection Protocol

All inflatable systems fail first as loss of continuity, not rupture.

- Audible cue: faint hiss, often mistaken for wind repositioning itself
- Tactile cue: localized softness under pressure
- Visual cue: micro-bubbling under soap film

Rule 1: Air loss is always slower than human panic.

Do not confuse urgency with scale.

2. Standard Household Repair Kit (Ad Hoc Configuration)

In absence of certified repair kits, the following are functionally equivalent:

- duct tape (pressure-binding agent)
- polyethylene packaging (structural membrane substitute)
- candle wax (edge stabilization compound)
- saliva or water (diagnostic medium only)
- spoon or coin (compression and friction control tool)
- paper receipt (temporary substrate reinforcement)

Technician Marginal Note (Kaur):

“If you are using memory as a tool, it must be pressed flat like plastic. Otherwise it bubbles under stress.”

3. Patch Application Procedure (**LOW PRESSURE CLASS**)
4. Isolate leak zone
5. Dry to damp, not dry
6. Apply substrate layer (plastic/paper)
7. Apply adhesive layer with circular pressure motion
8. Heat edge lightly (hand friction acceptable)
9. Reinforce perimeter if available
10. Wait minimum 12 minutes before retest

Critical Principle:

A patch does not restore integrity. It redistributes failure across time.

II. FRAGMENTARY FIELD CORRESPONDENCE (DRIFT MODE)

Volkov note, recovered from waterproof notebook:

The boat does not believe in permanence. It only believes in negotiated buoyancy.

Hammond annotation:

Every patch is a rewritten sentence. Every leak is an editorial mistake that refuses correction.

Sato marginalia:

“Air is not inside the boat. It is between agreements.”

INTERLUDE A: K-MART MEMORY ECHO (UNSTABLE INSERT)

The Instructor requests this section remain
unedited.

Eight years old.

Fluorescent aisle geometry.

A cart with one wheel insisting on a different
future.

A woman in a wheelchair navigating clearance
racks like weather systems.

Six children distributed like unstable cargo.

Nothing is explicitly explained.

Everything is being managed.

The Instructor later reports:

“That was my first lesson in systems that hold together without being whole.”

Frank the shark (support-certified, saltwater-adapted, emotionally non-invasive) has no comment but remains present in all subsequent reconstructions of this memory.

III. INSTRUCTOR ANNOTATION (POST-RECONCILIATION LAYER)

The Instructor, now in a stable phase of reflection, adds:

I used to believe failure meant abandonment.

Then I learned it meant maintenance without applause.

My foster mother did not teach theory.

She taught continuity under load.

I have since forgiven her.

This is not closure. It is reallocation of emotional weight.

Frank, my support shark, reminds me (by silent proximity rather than speech) that buoyancy is not innocence. It is ongoing adjustment.

IV. APPLIED PALIMPSEST THEORY (CONDENSED REVISION)

The technicians agree on the following correction to earlier institutional theory:

Not everything is a palimpsest.

Only systems that are repaired while still in use qualify.

Therefore:

- A sealed archive is not a palimpsest
- A broken inflatable under repair is
- A memory actively re-stitched while being lived is

Mendes adds:

“If nothing is leaking, you are not in contact with reality. You are in storage.”

V. SUPPORT SYSTEM NOTE: “FRANK THE SHARK”

Frank is not metaphor.

Frank is:

- a psychological stabilizer under high-salt conditions
- a field-certified emotional load distributor
- a non-verbal auditor of panic states

Frank does not intervene.

Frank maintains proximity.

Frank's official classification in the Institute ledger is:

Support Entity: Level 2 Aquatic Companion
(Non-Operational, High Stability Presence)

VI. FINAL FIELD PRINCIPLE (CONSENSUS STATEMENT)

Signed collectively by six technicians and one Instructor:

1. Everything leaks eventually.
2. Repair is not restoration but continuation.
3. Memory behaves like inflatable material under pressure.

4. Emotional systems require patchwork maintenance, not resolution.
5. Stability is a temporary agreement between failures.

VII. CLOSING NOTE FROM INSTRUCTOR + FRANK

The Instructor writes:

There was a time I thought being held together meant being unbroken.

Frank disagrees, but politely.

Now I think being held together is just being willing to be patched again.

Frank circles once in the water.

This is interpreted as approval.

END OF COMPOSITE DOSSIER

Filed under: Floating Epistemologies /
Emergency Repair Theory / Partial Forgiveness
Systems.

THE PANOPTICON INSTITUTE FOR RECURSIVE INQUIRY

(FOWL FEATHERED REVIEW / BACKPAGE
BROADSIDE EDITION / VOL. IX: THE BUREAU OF
ERRANT KNOWLEDGE)

BEHOLD THE CURIOUS CALLING OF
ERRANT SCHOLARS, DREAMERS, AND
UNREGISTERED THINKERS! A MARVEL OF
MODERN ARCANA DISGUISED AS AN
INSTITUTE OF LEARNING!

HEY—YOU—YES YOU WITH THE THINKING
FACE AND THE QUESTIONABLE FUTURE—
step forth, step sideways, step entirely out of
sequence—

the PANOPTICON INSTITUTE FOR
RECURSIVE INQUIRY is now enrolling,
unenrolling, re-enrolling, and generally
confounding the very ledgers of destiny itself in a
low-ceiling civic zone between a defunct
department store, a reflexology parlor of uncertain

doctrine, and a vending machine that occasionally produces annotations instead of snacks.

🔗 HEAR THE ANNOUNCEMENT IN
TRIPPLICATE, WRITTEN IN SNOW AND
STATIC:

“We got knowledge so deep it requires a snorkel,
a ladder, and a provisional understanding of your
own biography!”

“HERE COMES THE JUDGE—AND HE HAS
NOT YET DECIDED WHETHER YOU ARE A
QUESTION OR A DOCUMENT!”

“THE SYLLABUS WAS LAST SEEN
NEGOTIATING ITS OWN LEGIBILITY IN A
CORRIDOR OF UNSTABLE LIGHTING!”

⚠️ STEP FORTH, SEEKER OF PECULIAR
WISDOM! ⚠️

FOR HERE ARE OFFERED:

diplomas that precede their instruction
lectures delivered in fractured continental weather
patterns

metaphysics served in chipped institutional
porcelain

accreditation so irregular it circles back into
legitimacy by misadventure

📞 CALL NOW—OR DO NOT—THE
TELEPHONE IS ALREADY RECORDING YOUR
INTENTIONS IN DUPLICATE.

A MOST
EXTRAORDINARY
AND SOMEWHAT
FORBIDDEN
TREATISE UPON
WANDERING
SIGNIFIERS, BEING
ALSO A FLUXUS
INSTRUCTION SET,
CRACKPOT
ALCHEMICAL
TABLET, AND
EDUCATIONAL RELIC
OF THE LOWER FALLS



‡ ARTICLE I – OF DRUNKEN SIGNIFICATION
AND THE STAGGERING LETTER
WHEREIN IT IS PROVED THAT MEANING
MOVES LIKE A DISBANDED REGIMENT
THROUGH RAIN

The signifier no longer points.

It stumbles.

It reels through language like a tired herald who
has forgotten which kingdom he serves.

Meaning is not delivered.

It is spilled.



‡ ARTICLE II – OF THE LOW INSTITUTES
OF BROKEN HALLS AND IMPROVISED
LEARNING
WHEREIN EDUCATION OCCURS WITHOUT
PERMISSION OR STABILITY

Education is not transmitted.

It is:

shouted through cracked brass speaking horns
written on the reverse of expired municipal forms
whispered by instructors who may themselves be
misunderstandings

The classroom is wherever attention refuses to
remain seated.



⚡ ARTICLE III – OF CRACKPOT ALCHEMY
MOST HIGH AND QUESTIONABLE
DECLARATION OF TRANSMUTATION BY
ERROR AND PERSISTENT MISREADING

All substances are symbolic until they misbehave.
All symbols are material until they collapse under
their own enthusiasm.

Gold is what happens when:

failure persists long enough to be mistaken for
method

method forgets its function and becomes
decorative

decoration begins issuing instructions



⚡ ARTICLE IV – OF FLUXUS INSTRUCTION
MOST RADICAL AND UNAUTHORIZED
COMMAND FOR PERFORMATIVE
DISASSEMBLY OF TEXT AND OBJECT

Take heed:

cut the text into fragments

rearrange without consultation

affix fragments to a radiator or other warm
bureaucratic surface

allow weather to annotate the result
declare it an examination artifact



⊕ ARTICLE V – OF THE MIRROR THAT
REFUSES TO STAY STILL
NOTE ON THE SUBJECT AS MISFILED ECHO
IN ADMINISTRATIVE SPACE

The subject is:

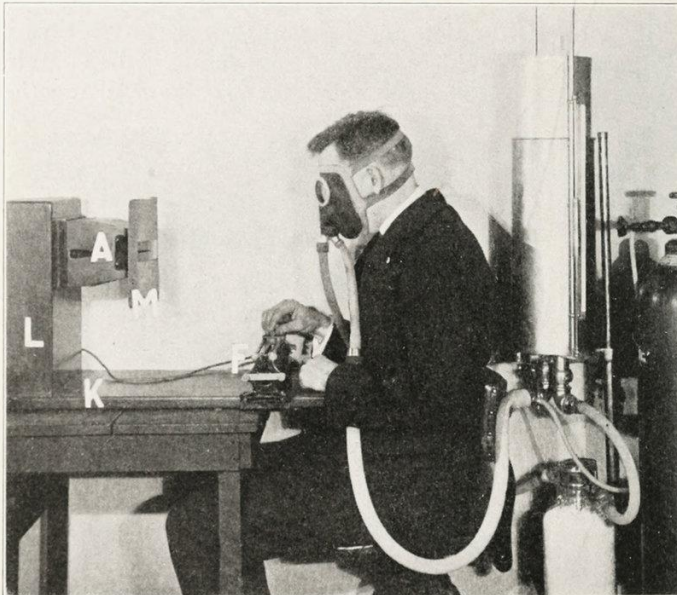
a clerical error that learned to speak in complete sentences.

Desire is:

paperwork missing its explanation

corridors reflecting themselves incorrectly

diplomas that already exist but await recognition



NOSCE
TE IPSUM,
MISREAD
IT WELL.



THE



ERRARE
HUMANUM,
PERSISTERE
MAGISTERIUM.



PANOPTICON INSTITUTE

FOR RECURSIVE INQUIRY

BUREAU OF ERRANT KNOWLEDGE & IMPROBABLE CERTIFICATION

TESTIMONIUM MIRABILIS ET ERRATICUM

BE IT KNOWN THROUGHOUT ALL QUIET CORRIDORS,
UNSTABLE HALLS, AND UNREGISTERED STUDY ZONES:

THAT THE BEARER HEREIN NAMED

YOUR NAME HERE



VERITAS IN
VERBORUM LUDO



SAPIENTIA IN
ABSURDITATE

HATH PASSED THROUGH THE THREE-FOLD STRANGE EXAMINATION:

THE ADVERTISEMENT
MOST DELIRIOUS

THE MANIFESTO
MOST FRACTURED

THE OBJECT
MOST IMPROBABLE

FIELD OF STRANGE STUDIES

- | | |
|--|---|
| ☐ Minor Arcana Bureaucratic Distortion | ☐ Fluxus Instructional Disassembly Practice |
| ☐ Linguistic Drift and Skaldic Compression Arts | ☐ Crackpot Alchemical Reasoning (Unregulated but Functional) |
| ☐ Applied Vaudeville Ontology | ☐ Diner Semiotics & Jukebox Cosmology |

METHOD OF CERTIFICATION

By means of:

- + sustained misreading of unstable instruction fields
- + extraction of coherence from contradictory text masses
- + recognition of hidden instruction beneath apparent nonsense
- + endurance of semantic turbulence without withdrawal
- + acceptance of humor at structurally inappropriate moments



DECLARATION OF AUTHORITY

IGNORANTIA



CONFUSIO

RIDENTIA

This diploma is hereby proclaimed:

- ☐ not accredited in any jurisdiction
- ☐ not unaccredited in any stable name and misreading

It is valid only in:

- marginalia of uncertain provenance
- basements where fluorescent lighting hesitates
- kiosks of doubtful municipal standing
- and any place where language begins behaving like weather



FINAL CLAUSE OF RECOGNITION

THOU HAST NOT RECEIVED THIS DIPLOMA.
THOU HAST ONLY NOTICED THAT IT WAS ALREADY
BEING CUT OUT OF THE PAGE BEFORE THOU BEGANST TO READ.



ARCHIVIST OF ACCIDENTAL RECORDS



REGISTRAR OF UNSTABLE MEANING

CUT HERE • FRAME HERE • MISREAD FOREVER

PERAMBULA, ERRA, RIDE, RUMINA.

DISCIPULUS ERRATICUS, MAGISTER NULLIUS.

SAPIENTIA NON CAPTUR. SED COLLIGITUR.

LINGUA EST LABYRINTHUS.

